Newsletter 0

Wednesday and Thursday

Technonutters start here

If you own a Psion 3a personal widget, a psion-readable version of **Read Me** is available from Ops at quiet times or from Mike Scott. There's an Agenda version of the programme and notes, and a Word version of all the other text. Apparently it will be kept up to date even as the programme falls apart. We don't think it's 3-compatible - sorry.

Erratum

Running this convention was a mistake.

More Errata

Asda is closed on Easter Sunday.

The Boston in 98 and Boston in 199/2001 parties have swapped times.

You aren't putting that there beer here, Mate!

The major erratum to **Read Me** is the location of the real ale, which is in the *main hotel bar downstairs*. This is because we arrived on Wednesday to find the hotel's cellarman, along with the rep from Courage, looking dubiously at the convention bar and scratching their heads. Turns out that the bar has been hand-carved from a solid lump of stainless steel and there's just no way to get the different lines that the real ale needs up from the cellar. However, there are 1500 pints, and you'd better drink them. Courage did threaten to take them away. Convention rates apply in this bar for other drinks as well.

A Load of Old BoSh

Roger Robinson would like everyone to know that if you're pleased with the book of Bob Shaw's Serious Scientific Talks that we've produced, he's soliciting donations for the RNIB. Please put whatever you think appropriate in the RNIB collecting box in the dealers' room.

Strange Perversions

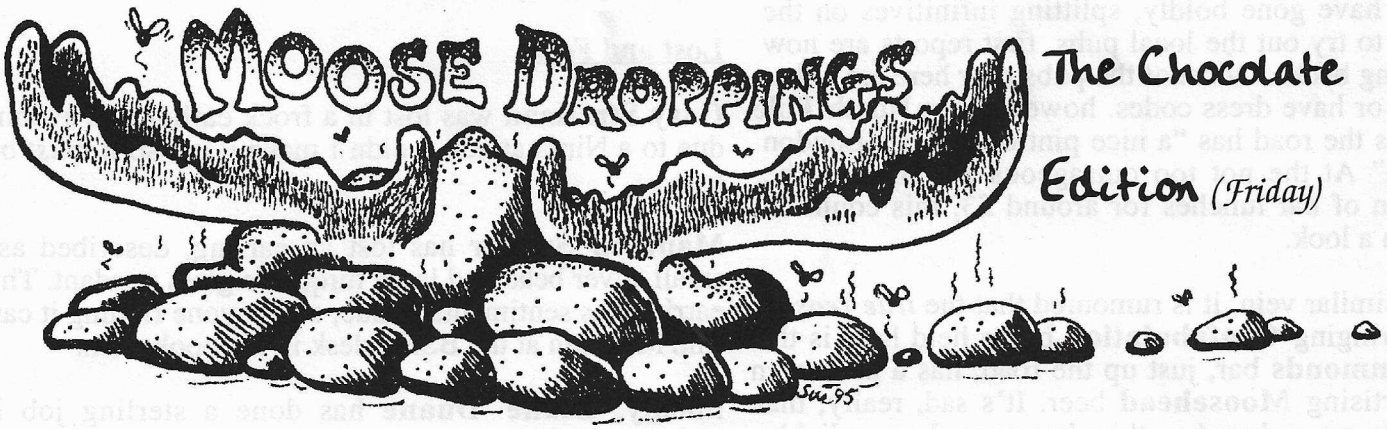
Goodness knows what Sainsbury's thought when Sue Mason nipped in on Wednesday to buy eighteen bags of pearl barley. What did she want it for? You can find out at 4:30 on Friday in the sewing room.

A question of identity

Last Thursday John Richards, finding himself at a loose end in London, went to Chinatown for lunch. As he entered his favourite restaurant he noticed that the layout had been changed and that the prices on the menu increased somewhat. Assuming that the restaurant was under new management decided to stay and had a decent lunch. It was only on leaving that he discovered that the management had not in fact altered and that he had simply missed the door and gone into the next restaurant in the street.

Breakfast

The hotel requests that those who can take breakfast early to relieve pressure later on. Despite what your key card says, you *can* get breakfast at any time, but we would ask you to try to be early if possible.



And so it begins

"The convention's going really well so far" "Ah yes, but it hasn't started yet"[1] According to the Read Me, which I haven't yet, the newsletter is *meant* to include programme changes and other useful information. One of these days, it may even include funny illustrations. Oh, all right then, illustrations. I am reliably informed that the Strategic Footnote Limtitation Treaty has been invoked, and, unless I make the entire thing a footnote, then there are limits…

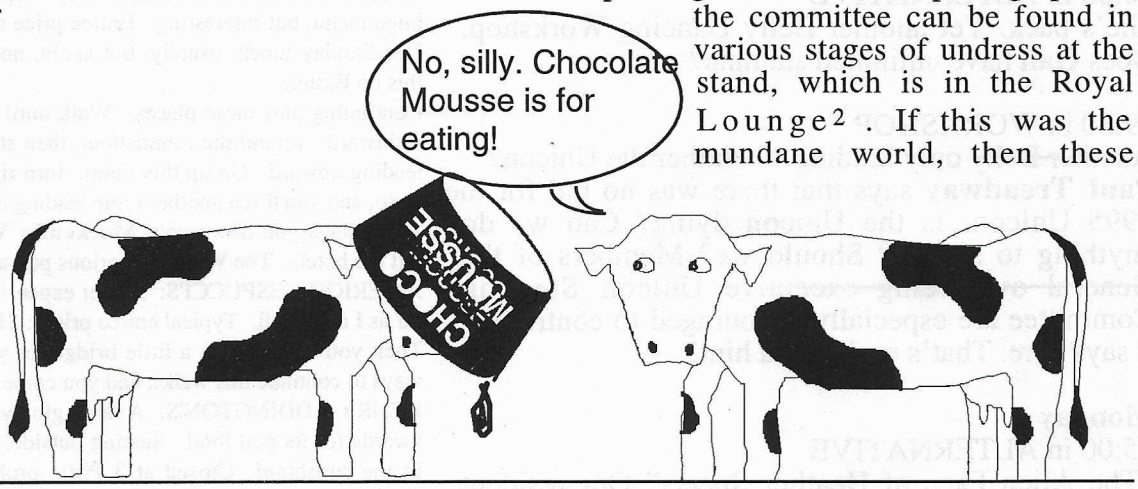
Tales from the leather mountain was inspired by **Gail Courtney**. For those who don't know her, this is how she was described. "You know how there's a butter mountain, a beef mountain and a wine lake?" "yes" "Well, Gail ensures that there isn't a corresponding leather mountain…"

Gail was running the Belly Dancing workshop again, and once again, **Tom Nanson** took part. Last time round, his arms and legs were all over the place. This time… he was even *more* Cthulhu-oid. Gail was called upon to demonstrate her skills as part of **Moose TV**. **Geoff Ryman**, while watching the display, was heard to remark "I always wanted to play the straight man…"

Dave Langford, proving that you can't keep a good writer down (unless you fly above them…) claims to have copies of *Ansible 93* available. Maybe. While stocks last. What he really means is that anyone who says the magic words "Hi Dave, here's a pint! Now gimme an Ansible" won't be ignored. A particularly fine piece of gossip tells that Dave Langford is busy celebrating his fannish coming of age. This year is his 21st year of attending Eastercons. So now nothing is forbidden.

While still on the serious front, **Colin Harris** is ready to talk to **you**. Provided, of course, that you consider yourself a UK based writer or publisher who feels the urge to participate at *Intersection*. He really does claim that he can be found, er, somewhere round the hotel until Monday afternoon.

Speaking of *Intersection*, photographs of the committee can be found in various stages of undress at the stand, which is in the Royal Lounge[2] . If this was the mundane world, then these would be the pictures that everyone would want to forget, and would pay good money to destroy them. But we are not mundanes, and everyone give their snaps. Willingly, even. No really, **Fiona Anderson** hardly needed to use any force at all to get the evidence. Much.



Indeed, **Steve Glover** clearly hadn't seen his photograph for a number of years, as his first comment was "Where on earth did they get *that?*". Steve also had a minor disaster on the way here. The strap on his over-stuffed bag broke. The good news is that only one of his bottles of malt broke. The bad news is that it was a 30 year old bottle of cask strength Tomatin. The Malt drinking fen will be saddened by the loss…

1 This little ditty coutesy of… Mike and Alison Scott, who sometimes think that they run the show. They also think that the newsletter will be full of gossip and too many footnotes, so I'd hate to disappoint them…

2 That's the one with all the fans in it, next to the bar. Oh yes, and some windows, with a rather natty view of Canary Wharf.

Moose Droppings has been helped by the brains of the family (Calum), and is from the mind of Alasdair Hepburn. Title artwork by Sue Mason, who doesn't want to draw any moose like images for a long, long time to come.

The Important Stuff

Fans have gone boldly, splitting infinitives on the way, to try out the local pubs. first reports are now coming back... Most of the pubs near here are either shut, or have dress codes. however, the **North Pole** across the road has "a nice pint of Fuller's London Pride" At the not too outrageous £1.64, with the option of bar lunches for around £3, this could be worth a look.

In a similar vein, it is rumoured that the *true reason* for bringing **Confabulation** being held here is that **Drummonds** bar, just up the road, has a neon sign advertising **Moosehead** beer. It's sad, really, that people are reduced to this; however, I am reliably informed that **Alison Scott** will not be having a scavanger hunt...

New Programme Shock[3]

Having realised that there were a few grey bits in the programme, the following additions have been announced:

Saturday
15:00, in WORKSHOP
Another Belly Dancing Workshop. Presumably, **Tom Nanson** will strut his stuff again; it's worth it just for that.

Sunday
18:00 in ALTERNATIVE
She's back. Yet another Belly Dancing Workshop. Does **Gail** have unlimited stamina?

19:30 in WORKSHOP
~~Another Belly~~ only kidding. "Whither the Unicon?" **Paul Treadway** says that there was no bid for the 1995 Unicon. Is the Unicon dying? Can we do anything to stop it? Should we? Members of the ~~General overseeing executive~~ Unicon Steering Committee are especially encouraged to contribute, it says here. That's probably a hint...

Monday
15:00 in ALTERNATIVE
"The Alien Face of Heather Speers" Our resident artist will be giving a talk.

On a less formal note, **Diana Joan (D.J.) Bass** will be doing face painting for all those who, having genned up on their GoH's works, want to look like a Cetagandan. Fortunately, there is no requirement to be cloned, or have to deal with ImpSec. This will definitely be happening on Saturday, and probably Sunday. To save wear and tear on fans' feet, this will all take place in the **Royal Lounge**, which is still the big bit next to the bar, with the seats and view. There is no charge for the service (which could become a work of art[4]), but all bribes are cheerfully accepted...

Lost and Food

Gary Stratman was lost in a frock earlier this evening, due to a Ninja attack. I didn't make it up, so it *must* be true...

Maureen Speller has lost an earring, described as a small silver bead and large turquoise glass pendant. The earring has sentimental value, and anyone finding it can find Maureen at the BSFA desk in the bookroom.

Finally, **Diane Duane** has done a sterling job in compiling a good food guide[5] (post Luch , Friday)

For those of you who don't want to eat the hotel's food (for whatever reason), there are some alternatives within an easy 10-minute walk. This means walking over to Canary Wharf. DO NOT BE AFRAID. It can be done.

Briefly: exiting the hotel, walk right on Marsh Wall. On the way, you will pass:

On the right -- **Drummond's** -- a pub by the water. A few tables for seating outside. I was in this once last year and wasn't all that impressed. They may have changed their food since: saw a nice delivery of crusty bread being made there this morning.

On the left: **The City Pride**. Another pub, with "grub". Closed between 3 and 7 PM today. A nice place. Coming down with wisteria inside, but that can be forgiven. Good sandwiches, baps and baguettes, £1.25; (some interesting ones -- Stilton and apple, Brie and grape, smoked salmon...) hot dishes (shepherd's pie and that kind of thing); jacket potatoes, £1.25, fillings 50p extra. Pints reported to cost "less than at the hotel". Restaurant, **Pride's**, named as a source for interesting food in Docklands News, etc. Dinners only, Mon-Fri (not sure whether they're open tonight or for how long). Not a huge menu, but interesting. Entree price range seems to be around £10-15 . Has Sunday lunch, usually, but again, no data on whether they'll be doing this on Easter.

Continuing past these places: Walk until you come to the roundabout. Go rightwards around the roundabout, then straight ahead until you see a ramp leading upward. Go up this ramp: turn right. Walk on for a hundred yards or so, and you'll see another ramp leading downwards. Take this ramp. This brings you down onto **Mackenzie Walk** (about ten minutes after you left the hotel). The Walk has various pub and restaurant facilities.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI'S: Rather expensive Italian. Only open at dinner, as far as I could tell. Typical entree prices: £15-20.

Then you either cross a little bridge, or you don't (two ways to continue this walk), and you come to:

HENRY ADDINGTON'S: A large glossy pub. Multiple awards for its pub food. Seating outside. Very pleasant in the sunshine! Closed at 3 PM: probably opening again around 7 PM. Grilled homemade Cumberland sausage with potato & vegetable, 4.25; salad, sandwich and baguette bar -- pastrami & mozzarella, 2.40: Norwegian prawn, spicy chicken tikka, 2.50: Scots smoked salmon, 2.55. On draught: London Pride, David's Hammer.

(Just to the left of this pub:) A Pizza Place (again, can't remember the name). More unusual pizzas than the ones in the hotel. Pizza prices looked £6-8ish. Not open at lunchtime: uncertain whether it will be open this evening, but might be worth looking into tomorrow.

Then, further on past the pub: CAFE ROUGE -- Biggish bistro-type place. Salads, omelets, steaks & frites, sandwiches, I think pasta...etc etc. Seating outside. Prices looked like £5-8 for most entrees. Croque monsieur, 4.95. Didn't get to find out how it was: I was on a panel, and had to leave. DD

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[3] Well, some may be shocked that there is a programme at all. Especially if you have difficulty getting out of the bar.

[4] but being auctioned in the Art Show could be a bit of a pain. Unless, the buyer treats you with due care, and doesn't attempt to hang you on a wall...

[5] and the best part is, I didn't have to re-type it!

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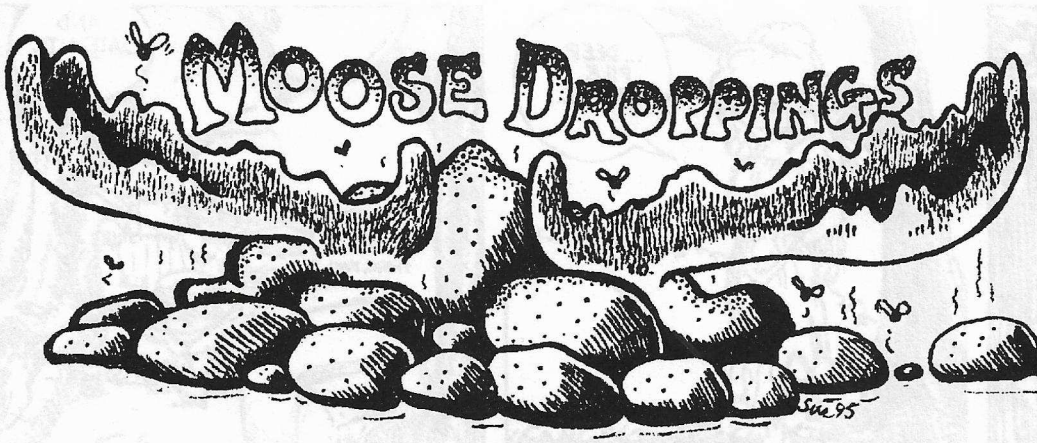


The Illustrated Styling Edition (Saturday)

It happened last night

Actually, this is the low-stress edition, with mainly pictures. The real meat will come later. But first, a round up of the main events…

Maureen Speller had her earring returned to her. It was found by the age old tradition of someone nearly standing on it…

The **Intersection Ladies from Hell** party was well attended, with thanks going to **Heidi Lyshol** for the food, and **Brian Ameringen** for the "innocuous" punch. And the non-alcoholic one. **Patti Wells** found this a strange concept. "In America, when we say innocuous, we mean the non-alcoholic one…"

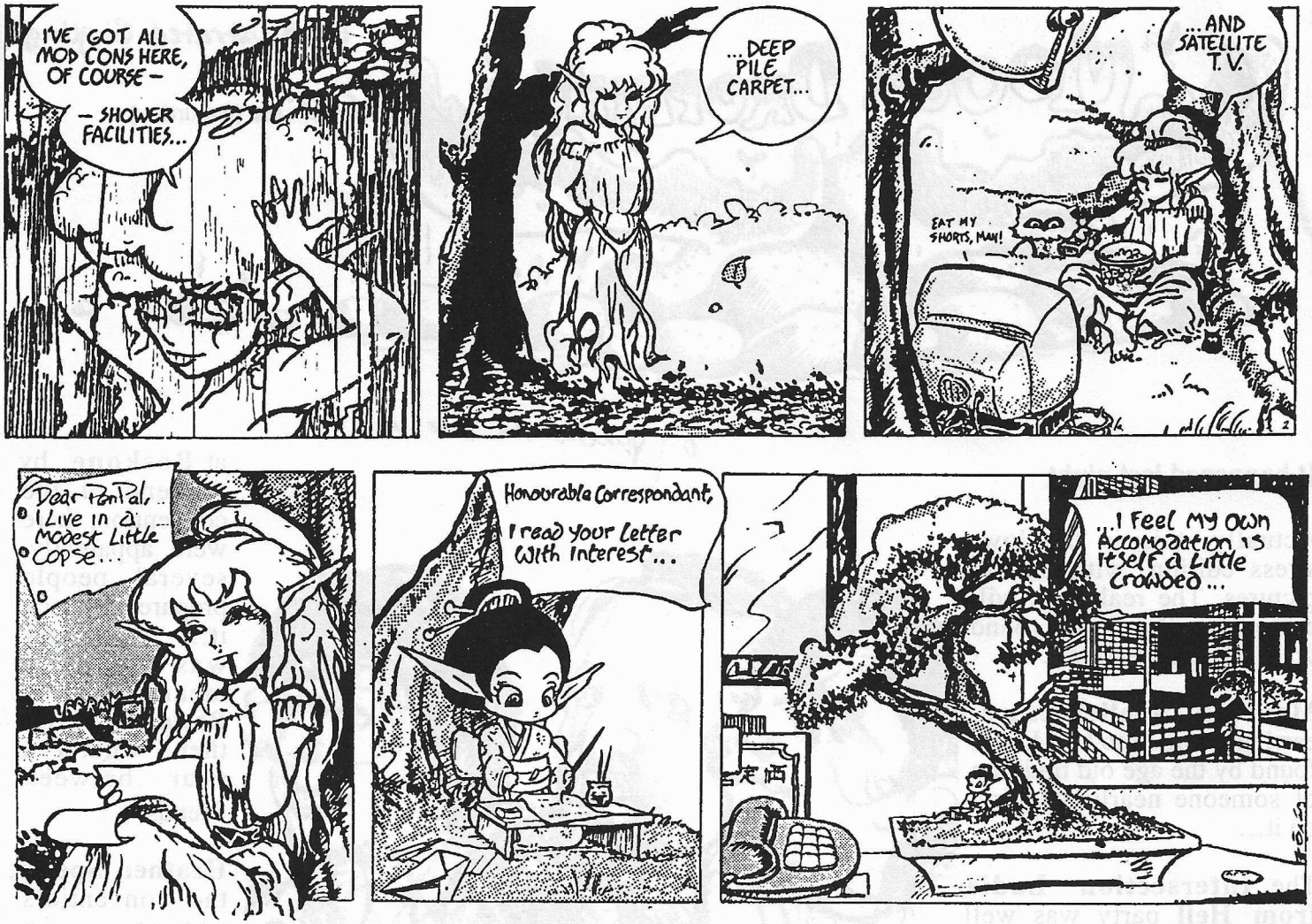
Chris Cooper provided flyers for *Boston in 99*. That's Boston, Lincolnshire. Having first shown it at **Boskone**, by the end of the convention, there were, apparently, several people prepared to back it… The party was actually meant to be **Boston in 98**, but then, what's a year between friends[1].

Heather Speers, the conventio's artist in residence, did a wonderful illustration from the opening ceremony. I'm not sure what **Mike Scott** was thinking at the time, but it looks as though **Bob Shaw** is operating him as a puppet

Talis Kimberley and **Fox** have provided a wonderful look at what would happen if a wood dryad was

[1] About 365 days

This was the almost morning (maybe Saturday) edition of Moos Droppings, done with the help of multple scanned images, and a hard working Macintosh by Alasdair Hepburn. All good gossip should make its way to Ops.



transplanted to the 20th century… to the centre of a roundabout. Enjoy.

Programme Changes – a reminder

At around 15:00 (that's 3pm in old money), **Gail Courtney**, aka Woad Warrior, will be holding another Belly Dancing Workshop in theWORKSHOP. Contrary to rumours, the session on Sunday will be a demonstration, to show everyone what has been learnt. If **Tom Nanson** can do it, so can you.

More Important Info

½r has kindly provided a detailed pub list, culled from the knowledge of the East End branch of CAMRA:

E14 (ie, near here)
Barley Mow 44 Naroow St/ Limehouse Basin. Formerly the Lock -keeper's cottage, and by the riverside. Comment: "Nice"

Ferry House 26 Ferry St. Pleasant small 1 bar pub, about 2 minutes from Island Gardens DLR station[2]

Grapes 76 Narrow St. A grade II listed building, by the riverside. It's fish restaurant, is reckoned to be *Excellent*, but is pricey, and booking is essential. Comment: "always a pleasure to visit"

Pier Tavern 299 Manchester Rd. Ten minutes from Isl;and Gardens station. The Replacement bus service (D8 or D9) probably goes past it.

Queens Head 8 Flamborough St. Another Grade II listed building. Reckoned to be the Queen Mum's favourite East End pub. And the beer's excellent[3] .
North Pole 74 Manilla St. As already mentioned. This is a backstreet local pub (= no rip-off pricing), which has a relaxed atmosphere.

E1 (heading towards the City)
Dickins Inn St Katherine's Dock. Only worth a look if you want to know how expensive beer (an mediocre) beer can be fro the tourists. You'll probably be pleased to know that it's not open on Sundays.
Scots Arms 1 Wapping High St. Comfortable.
Prospect of Whitby. 57 Wapping Wall. This pub has been around for a few hundred years, so is not surprisingly famous. And grade II listed. Not only that, but the beer's good too, with wonderful river views. Happy Drinking.

2 Pity the DLR isn't running… except for the test trains, which may or may not take passengers

3 Neat. Buy a pint. Cop a royal. I'll soon have the complete set.

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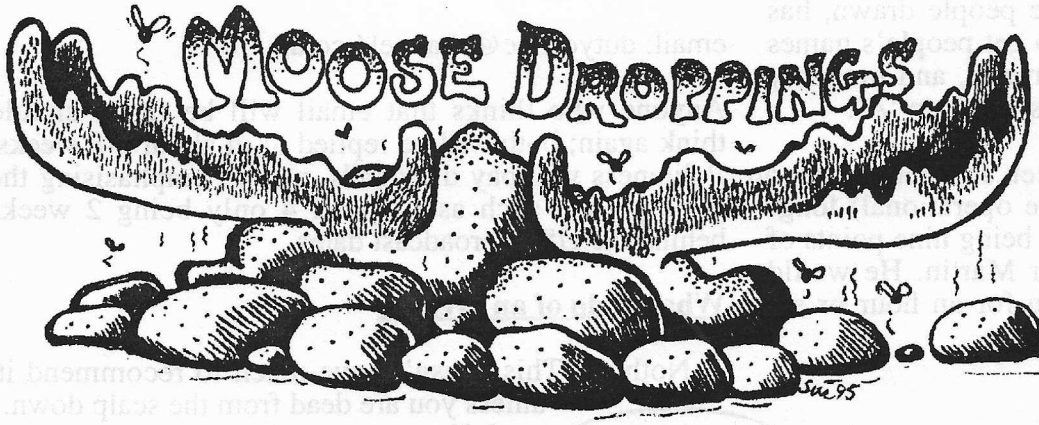


The Illustrated Styling Edition (Saturday)

It really happened last night

Sometimes, the reality does not live up to the expectation. The **Ladies from Hell** party was not like that[1] . This is assuming that you were expecting a well run party with sufficient alcohol and enough conversation to keep itself going. If you were expecting salacious tales of women dressed to kill, well, making a killing, then you were only nearly right. There were many female fen, in various states of power dressing[2] , but controversey was kept to a minimum. At least, that's what **Jacky Grüter-Andrew** claimed. But then she liked the chocolate covered mushrooms.

The Big Dish

On prominent display at the entrance to the Lounge, **Gordon T. Gopher** was, once again, being the hapless victim. This time, there was a convenient statue, with supplicant's arms, which was able to hold Gordon in a variety of... interesting positions, most of which would be against the Geneva convention (which hasn't yet appeared as a potential Eastercon bid...), but would at least make him fit for dish of the day.

For everyone else, the aforementioned chocolate covered mushrooms were available. **Dave Lally**, the food connoisseur, wanted to know the recipie. Others wanted to taste one, if only to say that they were there when the chocolate covered mushrooms were being handed out. Still more discovered that, far from being the most disgusting gastronomic creation since the invention of fast food, were actually quite nice. Here, for posterity, is the way to do it. Take a pound of small button mushrooms. Purchasing is possible, but only in those countries where fungal emancipation has not yet been announced. If you can't buy them, then kidnapping is the only alternative... Take an equal measure of good plain chocolate, and zap in a microwave until it submits (you could of course melt it in the traditional way, with double boilers, lots of patience and half a day to spare, but this way is so much easier; if you have a microwave, that is. However, you could buy one to do this recipe...). Once the chocolate is nice and soft, quickly dip the mushrooms in, and put them on a tray to ~~recover~~ cool. Stick them in the fridge for half an hour or so, and hey presto - instant fan snack food. just serve at your nearest convention...

A degree of obsessiveness was displayed by **Mike Cheater**, who was so impressed when we showed him the game MYST[3] that he decided to buy a copy. It only comes on CD-ROM. This is not a problem if you already own a computer with one, but he didn't. So he bought a CD-ROM drive for his computer, just so that he could play MYST on it. If he didn't already have a computer, it would have cost him even more money... Let's hope he has a microwave.

Breakfast. Well, it met all the proper fannish ingredients, such as mushrooms, a buffet bar eat as much as you can, and the ability to jump the queue. When everyone else had to wait to be seated, the head waiter took the initiative and said "Science Fiction? Sit anywhere over there" Be a fan. Join queue jumpers.

Noticeboard

The following announcement arrived in the box: "Any statement made by Sally Ann Melia that you may come across on the Internet or at any convention regarding Lisanne Norman should be treated with the deepest suspicion. If in doubt, ask Lisanne!". Does the suspicion include this message?

There will be a **TWP** tea party for all past, present and future members on Sunday from 4pm until 6pm (that's 16:00 thru 18:00, if you think that way), in Caroline and Anne's suite. If you don't know where that is, then track one of them down and ask...

1 There are way too many negatives in those statements. Or maybe, there aren't enough...

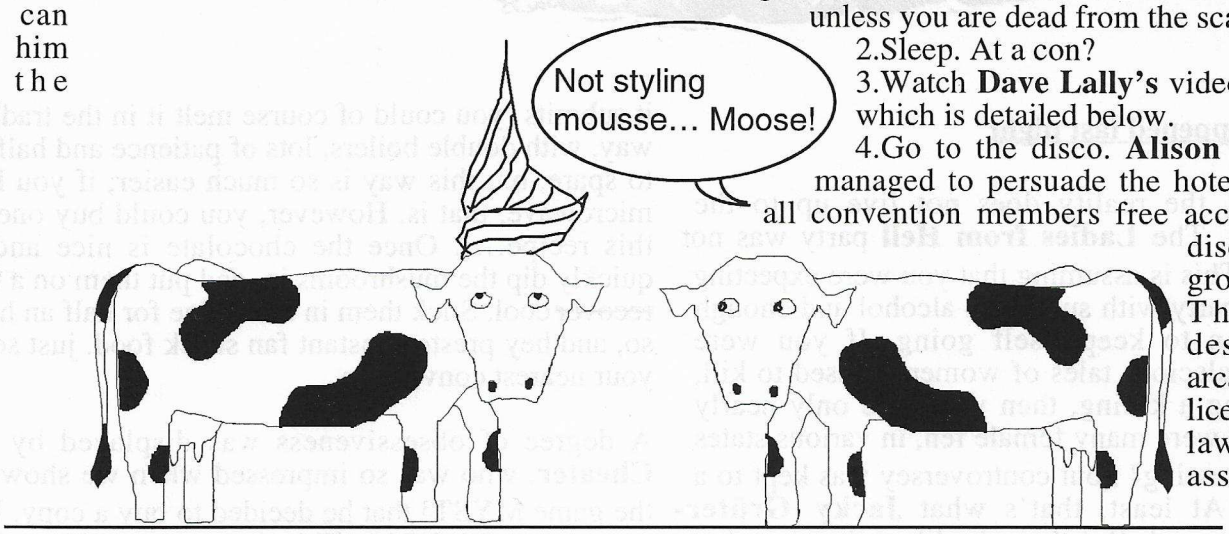
2 That's power dressing as done by Ripley in *Aliens*, or by Red Sonja, as opposed to the natty designer shoulder pads affairs

3 If you know it, then you'll you'll understand how compelling it is. If you don't, then imagine that you have been transported to a strange world. In effect, you are the hero in an SF/Fantasy mystery; unlike games like Doom or similar, you don't die every 5 minutes. In fact, like life, it takes place in real time. Buy it. You won't regret it.

The evening Moose by Alasdair Hepburn, with editorial input from Allison Ewing. All good gossip is welcome. All bad gossip is even more welcome...

Grovelling apologies time. The convention resident artist, whose works really are mega, since they capture the essence of the people drawn, has pointed out that my inability to get people's names right has struck again. Her name is, and probably always has been, Heather Spears. With an 'A'.

Martin Tudor wants to meet someone with an operational (much stress on the operational) long-arm stapler. Despite possession being nine points of the law, this is not enough for Martin. He would also like to borrow said device for an hour or so. Anyone who can fulfil his dreams can contact him at the *Critical Wave/Novacon* desk in the Royal Lounge.



We need your body! No, this isn't a call from a latter day Burke and Hare, but from the sewing room. Apparently, the convention had money to ~~burn~~ spend, and so bought a lot of fabric for making costumes. This has gone done well so far, but now they need some people for these costumes, as well as people to make these costumes. Those interested should make their way to the sewing room (1109, which is, logically enough, on the 11th floor, and not the 12th, as has been quoted.), anytime before the masquerade itself. Swim through the lamé! Win the prize for the best costume! If the room is locked, track down **Jaine Weddell** for the key.

Square Bear has thrown down the gauntlet. I quote: "Anybody who believes that Square Bear is obviuosly far too much of a wreck to cycle 58 miles is invited to put their money where their opinion is, and sponsor him for the London to Brighton Bike Ride". So let's see your money, then.

A3[4] , after much request from the *Babylon 5* panel, has asked for the following guidelines to be printed: those who wish to complain to Channel 4 about the editing and the timeslot of everyone's favourite space station drama[5] should write to :

Duty Office
Channel 4
124 Horseferry Road
London

email: dutyoffice@channel4.co.uk

Anyone who thinks that email will be faster should think again; both will be replied to in about 6-8 weeks. Politeness will pay dividends, as will emphasising the good points, such as Channel 4 only being 2 weeks behind the US in broadcast dates.

What to do of an evening

1. Nothing. This doesn't have much to recommend it, unless you are dead from the scalp down.
2. Sleep. At a con?
3. Watch **Dave Lally's** video program, which is detailed below.
4. Go to the disco. **Alison Scott** has managed to persuade the hotel to allow all convention members free access to the disco on the ground floor. This is despite the arcane licencing laws, which assume that only hotel residents can see the disco on a holiday weekend. So if anyone asks, show your badge, and say you're a resident, even if you're not.[6] This will work. The chairmoose has said so[7] .

And now, those video program details on full[8]

CONFABULATION /EASTERCON 95 - OVERNIGHT SAT NIGHT / SUN MORNING (non Anime) VIDEO PROGRAMME.
Alternative programme room .
The theme is the threat of nuclear war.
00.30 TWILIGHT ZONE : Time Enough At Last
BURGESS (The Penguin) MEREDITH STARS. ESCAPE FROM A NAGGING WIFE AFTER A NUCLEAR ATTACK HAS A DOWNSIDE. (TV: 1963)

01.00 VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: Doomsday
THE CREW OF THE SEAVIEW CONFRONT A DILEMMA AFTER A NUCLEAR WAR ALERT. (TV: 1964)
02.00 FAIL SAFE
THE SERIOUS VERSION OF DR STRANGELOVE. HENRY FONDA IS THE US PRESIDENT WITH LARRY (Dallas) HAGMAN .
---GRIPPING. (1964)
04.00 THE WAR GAME
BANNED BY THE BBC FOR 20 YEARS. A NUCLEAR ATTACK ON ROCHESTER KENT.
followed by:THREADS
DITTO FOR SHEFFIELD YORKSHIRE. (colour) (1985)
[These two items -esp the first- are NOT for the squeamish]

4 email: aaa@cs.st-and.ac.uk. So now you know.

5 No, Not *Deep Space 9*

6 being this economical with the actualité would please Alan Clarke MP

7 A bizarre occurrence was when the same chiar moose needed to see the convention Read Me. What was wvwn more bizarre was the fan who didn't want to let go of his.

8 nearly typed by Dave Lally

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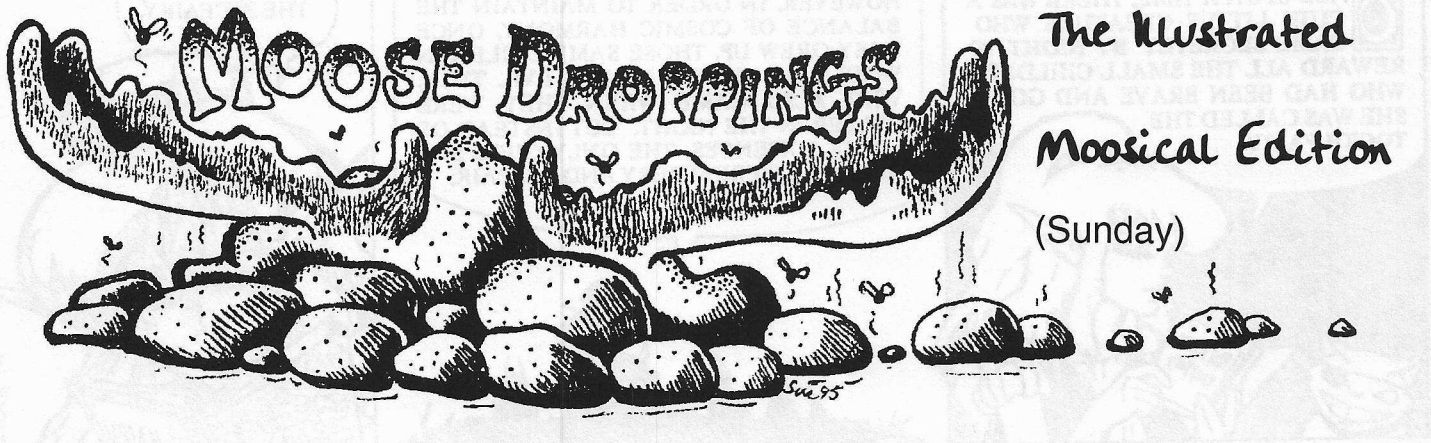


The Morning after… the previous morning

Happy Easter to **David Stewart**, who fortified the beleagured crew with a Belgian chocolate Easter egg. But first, more *Dryad.*

20TH CENTURY Dryad

By Talis Kimberley & Fox

Messages to the Throng

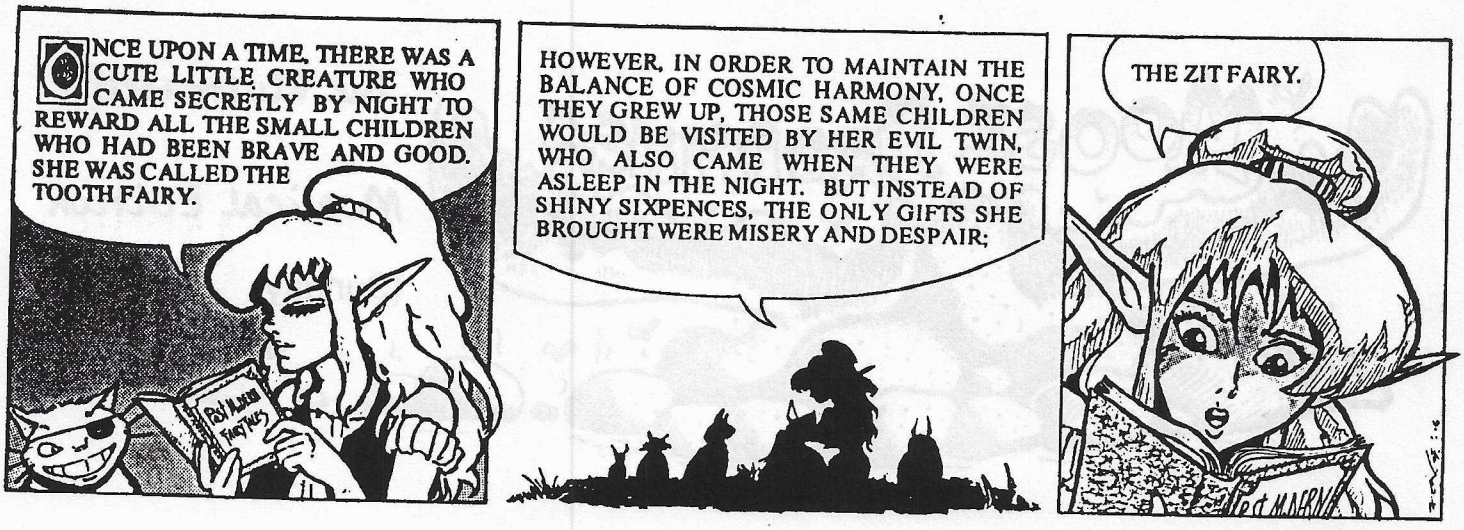
Smitty: An item of clothing, made entirely of leather and studs, is lying in wait for you in the Ops room (2nd floor, York Suite)

All those who have bought vouchers for the car park: The official line is that everyone has to be out of the car park by 4pm Monday. Unofficially, though you won't get into trouble until after about 6pm.

Stats Junkies: There are, according to the latest figures, 668 Attending Members[1] . The warm body count is not yet accurately tallied, but is about 650.

[1] 668, the neighbour of the beast. An old joke, but who cares.

The first Sunday Moose. Contrary to popular opinion, the Illustrated Edition of late Saturday should have been only a non-illustrated version. Once again, from the fingers of Alasdair Hepburn, with editorial guidance from Allison Ewing, and the chance of a long lie in from Calum. Sue Mason will not draw you a moose, but Heather Spears might.



The Friends of Foundation Raffle[2]

The winners: **John Dallman** wins an *Intersection* membership, as does **Lennart Uhlin**. **Micheal Abbot** is the lucky winner of an *Evolution* membership. **John Oram** gets the real star prize, a selection of **Bob Shaw's** books. **Mike Ford** has won some books donated by **Forbidden Planet**[3]. **Colin Greenland** donated a book, which was won by **Lissa Allcock**. The serious prize, a bottle of vodka, was won by **John Bray**. If you are a winner, and you haven't collected your prize, make your way to the Foundation desk in the book room. those who have won a convention membership should sort it out with the appropriate con desk.

Overheard...

Mary Branscombe was overheard describing someone[4] "He's so barking, he needs his own sub-woofer"

There have been radio problems, exemplified by "Jack Cohen has a ....."[5]

And now, a word from the chairmoose, who has everyones's best interests at heart...

Alison's Oral Rehydration Therapy Worksheet

Sunday morning, not remotely hungover honest.

As some of you will have noticed, this hotel is rather drying.

Some of the rest of you will have dehydrated yourselves last night.

What you need to do now is drink lots and lots of liquid. We'd like you all to do this because we would rather none of you had dehydration hangovers, and if you do, we'd rather you recovered as quickly as possible.

What not to do.

Tea, coffee and caffeine containing soft drinks are diuretics. This is not a good idea. Every time you drink one of these, have at least as much water as well.

Alcohol is dehydrating. When you drink alcohol, drink water in between times.

Cheap oral rehydration therapy.

The convention bar will give you a pint of iced water for nothing.

Alison's patent oral rehydration therapy.

Orange juice and soda. The orange juice provides taste, vitamin C, fruit sugar and a little salt; the soda provides liquid and carbonation to get the sugar and vitC into your body as quickly as possible. The convention bar will do pints of orange juice and soda for £1.65. Both these prices have been checked with Phil in banqueting - thanks Phil.

Personally, I've been drinking about 2 gallons of water/oj&s per day, which has coped with everything for me except those rather unfortunate double Glenmorangies,

Cheers

Alison Scott

Programme Changes[6]

Cooperative games, in the MAIN at 12:00 on MONDAY (this slot was Taxonomy... see below). Come and join the fun! Everybody wins! Make a snake to rival *Helicon's*. Thus spake **Philip Fine**

The **Taxonomy** Quiz final is now at 4:00pm in the ALTERNATIVE on MONDAY. **Peter Wareham** has the details.

Heather Spears[7] will be giving an illustrated lecture, The Alien Fa ce Today, Sunday at 3:00pm in ALTERNATIVE.

Whither the Unicon, a chance to decide the future of Unicon, will be held in the WORKSHOP at 7:30pm.

Remember, remember the 5th of April.

On the 5th of April 1996 **Evolution** will open its doors to all and sundry as the 1996 Eastercon. From the luxurious Radisson Edwardian Hotel, near Heathrow airport, we will be bringing you a wide and varied programme of events. But of course there is a catch. In order to enjoy the benefits of **Evolution** (which currently include an upright stance, the opposable thumb, an expanded brain, tools, the written word, and late night showings of Prisoner Cell Block H), you will need to be a member. Currently the attending rate is a bargain at **£20**, as on Monday night when Confabulation closes it will be rising to **£24**. Buy now! It's a bargain! Honest!

2 No, the friends weren't being raffled.

3 The bookshop, not the film

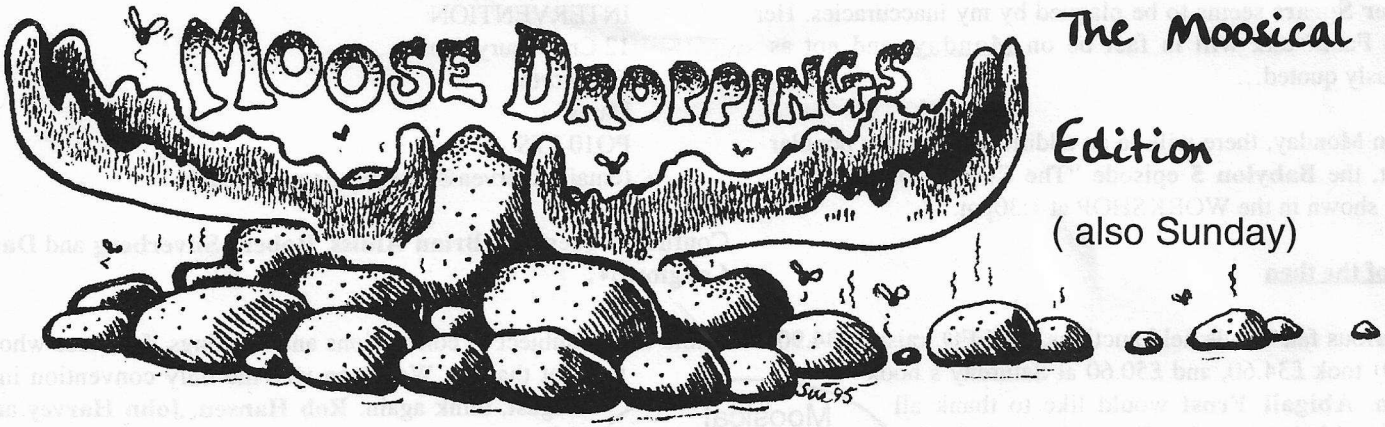
4 whose identity never made it to the news room

5 Just like an Agatha Christie novel, where the informant dies *just* before revealing the key information. This happens about page 100.

6 This is the important bit, if only so that I don't get eaten by those running the items...

7 if you haven't seen her drawings in the art show, **Do So Now!**

The first Sunday Moose. Contrary to popular opinion, the Illustrated Edition of late Saturday should have been only a non-illustrated version. Once again, from the fingers of Alasdair Hepburn, with editorial guidance from Allison Ewing, and the chance of a long lie in from Calum. Sue Mason will not draw you a moose, but Heather Spears might.



The Moosical Edition

(also Sunday)

Food fest and other tales

Instead of the usual GoH speech, this time was something more informal. **Lois McMaster Bujold** was interviewed by **Peter Morwood**[1] [2] , which was nice and relaxed. Chalk up one for originality. Chalk up another success for the floating Chinese Restaurant[3] [4] .

A big rousing success was when the **Liberty Morris** did their stuff. Normally morris dancers wear jingly bells, and wave hankies around. If they get really bold, they may even use small sticks. these blokes had ATTITUDE. To start with, they wore leathers, as they were a biker morris. To continue, where others had sticks, they used pick axe handles. there's not much you can do with hankies, so they added a poetry recital to that part. The kind of subtle poetry, where subtle is, in fact, spelt "suttil". To completely over the top, they had improvised new dances with spanner twists to the nose, knees in the groin and head butts. As a finale, **Sue Mason** and **Gail Courtney**[5] were persuaded to join in and make up an 8. With sticks.

The Ceilidh was generally pronounced to be a success, with an unconfirmed world speed record for Strip the Willow[6] , with 4 pairs going at the one time (out of 8). for those unsure how the dance works, it's simple. Two lines form up, and the first pair link arms and then twirl down the line. Very fast. Or faster. **Simon Bisson** said that they got carried away. While the band paused for a well earned break, someone suggested that a quick practice of Strip the Willow would be in order, without any of this complicated music stuff to get in the way. Who was this someone? "I blame **Steve Glover**"

Rumours abounded from the various room parties. The Norwegian room party was, according to **Fiona Anderson**[7] "very hot, very crowded, lots of waffles and nothing non-alcoholic to drink" Sounds ideal..

On the 11th floor, there were parties in 1109, 1111, 1112, 1115. The one non-party room in the middle wondered why the hotel was so noisy…

Caroline Mullan reckoned that, with the lifts making pinging noises all over the place, she should get a didgeridoo[8] to accompany the lifts, although **Peter Morwood** would not be the ideal choice. It seems that this is one talent that he should skip.

That was then, this is… less then

Sunday. With a long lie-in programmed in, events could catch up. This is an official statement,issued by the friends of moose[9] , which should quell all rumours about a lack of tact from certain committee members. "Unfortunately, on Saturday, in spite of calm and reasonable behaviour in the face of abuse, it was necessary to eject a member of the convention after refunding his money. Thanks to all concerned for sensitive handling of a difficult situation.

Programme Alterations

1 Peter was introduced by Alison Scott as "definitely doesn't do helicopter impersonations". This is perfectly true, as he ably demonstrated at dinner. The reason he doesn't do helicopter impressions, is because that is too non-specific. On the other hand, he could probably do a Chinook or a Sea King. He did at least prove that he could do an SR-71, a Shackleton, and a Merlin engined Spitfire

2 Ben Yalow prompted some of the impersonations, by mentioning that the USS Intrepid Air Museum in New York has an SR-71 parked on the flight deck. As Diane Duane said, he doesn't really need encouraging

3 Turn left out of the hotel, cross the lifting bridge and head for the floating building past the bank.

4 Once again, Peter Morwood demonstrated his unique qualities. Fearing that the restaurant wouldn't like him taking his empty glass in with him, he hid it in a bush. It was still there after the meal, when he went to pick it up and put it in his breast pocket. When asked whether he wasn't getting cold, he replied that at least half theglass had warmed up…

5 who really should have known better

6 It has been said more than once that many Scottish Country dances are suitable candidates for fetishists, like the Lashing, er Dashing White Sergeant, the Gay Gordons and many more. In fact, there has always been a suspicion that there was a programme called the White Leather Club…, but it could be just imagination.

7 Fiona has just lost a bet with Oliver and Jacky Grüter-Andrew, which will entail her buying them both a large hot chocolate. With double cream. And whipped cream. And chocolate sprinkles. And a flake. With a cherry on top. When you find out what the bet was for, you'll realise the stakes were high…

8 Spelling? The dictionary provided 'dogeared' as the only alternative

9 Gary and Linda Stratman, if you must know

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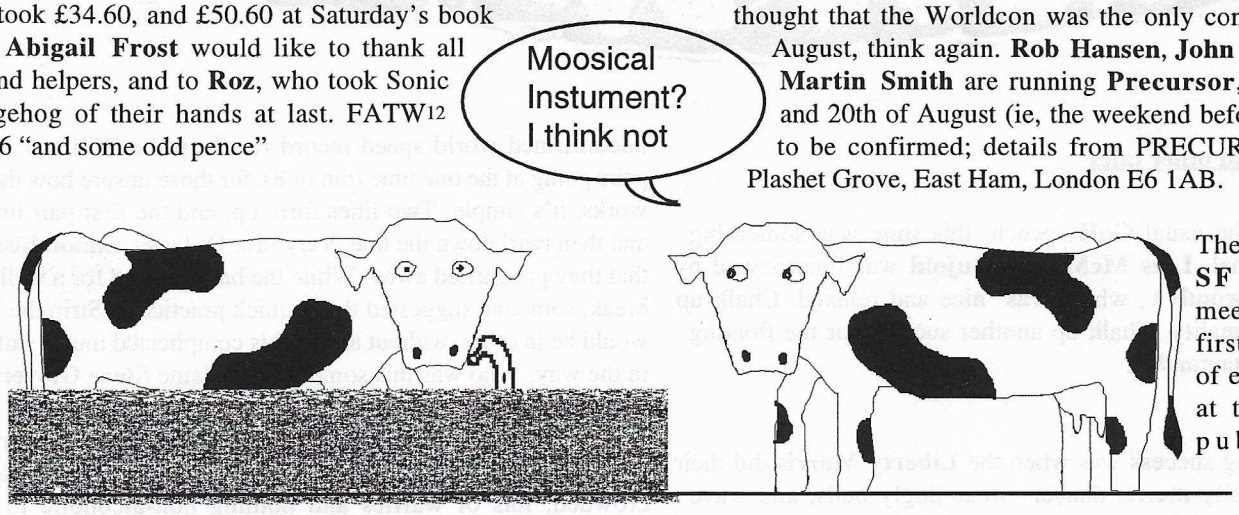
Programme Alterations

Heather Spears seems to be plagued by my inaccuracies. Her "Alien Face" talk will in fact be on Monday, and not as previously quoted...

Also on Monday, there will be an additional item. By popular request, the **Babylon 5** episode "The Coming of Shadows" will be shown in the WORKSHOP at 1:30pm.

More of the then

The various fan funds held auctions. GUFF[10] raised £34.90. TAFF[11] took £34.60, and £50.60 at Saturday's book auction. **Abigail Frost** would like to thank all donors and helpers, and to **Roz**, who took Sonic the Hedgehog of their hands at last. FATW[12] raised £16 "and some odd pence"



The bid session for the 1997 Eastercon was well attended, with three bids. Oh all right then, two serious bids and one non-serious. **UnConstitutional** was proposing the use of the palace of Westminster as a site. They reckoned that they could guarantee that it would be free over the Easter weekend... **Illumination 2** was billed as being "elsewhere", so presumably it wouldn't have been in Blackpool. **InterVention** was proposing a fannish favourite, the Adephi in Liverpool. This is a great hotel for fans, but is very difficult to persuade them to leave the lounge and go to any programme items. The posters they had done featured a bing with horns and a halo. **John Richards**, the convention chair, was a bit put out when everyone recognised him as the model for the drawing...

The Official Results are as follows:

Unconstitutional	1
Illumination 2	19
InterVention	178
Defer Decision	16
Abstain	3
No Bid	1

InterVention are declared the winner of the bidding session with the right to hold the 1997 UK National SF convention. Thanks to all the bidders, for presenting their bids and taking the risks. **Pat McMurray**, as the bidding session chair and *Evolution* committee member, would like to wish every success to Intervention with the convention.[13] .

Further details on Intervention: Attending membership is £20, supporting £10 and money is being taken now, or by writing to:

INTERVENTION
12 Crowsbury Close
Emsworth
Hants
PO10 7TS
(email: interven@pompey.demon.co.uk)

Confirmed guests are **Brian Aldiss**, **Robert Silverberg** and **Dave Langford**[14] .

While on the subject of conventions and meetings, for those who thought that the Worldcon was the only convention in August, think again. **Rob Hansen**, **John Harvey** and **Martin Smith** are running **Precursor**, on the 19th and 20th of August (ie, the weekend before) Venue to be confirmed; details from PRECURSOR, 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB.

The **Wirral SF Group** meets on the first Monday of each month at the Crown pub on conway St, Birkenhead, from around 9:00pm. For further details, track down **Nigel Furlong**, or phone him (after the convention...) on 0151 608 9420.

Overheard and over here

from the Green room: "Hello, I'm looking for an aardvark"

Ken Lake, when told of the micromachine talk cancellation, said, "Maybe someone trod on it..."

Several people have not yet collected their items from the art auction. the following should go to the art show between 10am and 10:30 am on Monday. With Money, naturally.

Mary Gentle, **Caroline Mullan**, **Rog Peyton**, **Marion Pitman**, **J Rigby**, **Mike Scott Rohan**, **Peter Tyers** and **Alison Weston**.

More importantly, there has been a small pub and restaurant update: **Addington's** across the water will be open from 12 to 5 on Monday, with their usual "pub grub". The **Café Rouge** will open at lunchtime on Monday, although it is not known for how long... (consider 5pmas likely)

Michael Abbott has a spare *Evolution* membership. he is willing to sell it for £20, and promises that he will then give the money to a good cause.

Once again, **David Stewart** has provided all and sundry with more Belgian chocolate... described as Belgian roulette. One of them is so good you'll die happy...

10 Get Under Fan Fund

11 Trans Atlantic Fan Fund

12 Fans Across The World

13 Some wag pointed out that, by changing a couple of letters, old *Intersection* posters could thus be cheaply re-used.

14 sold at the art auction for a mere £10. Actually, it was one of Heather's sketches, but who's counting.

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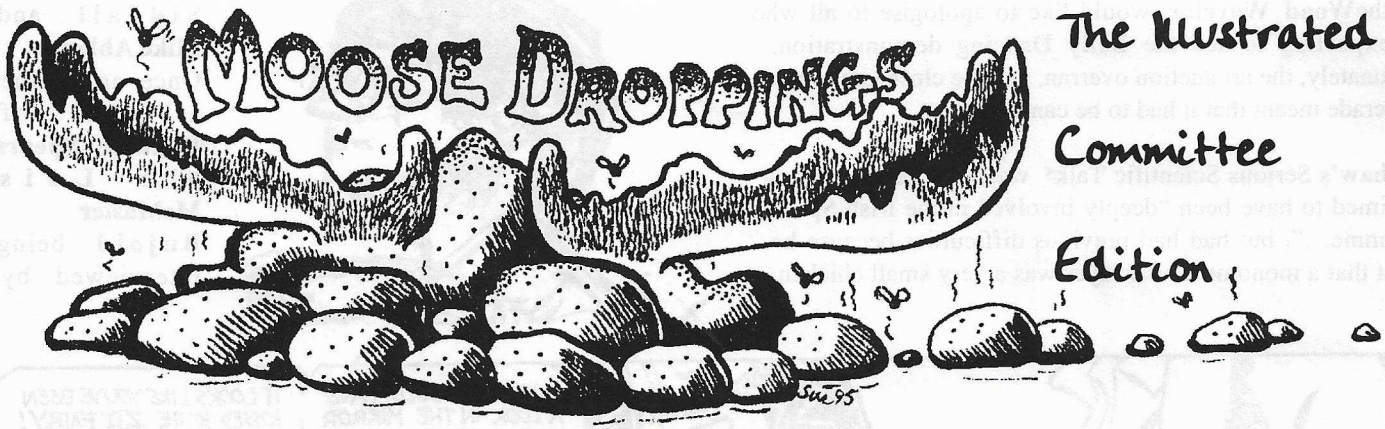


First, the good news

In a fit of efficiency, **Mike Scott** was able to recollect the winners of the BSFA awards.

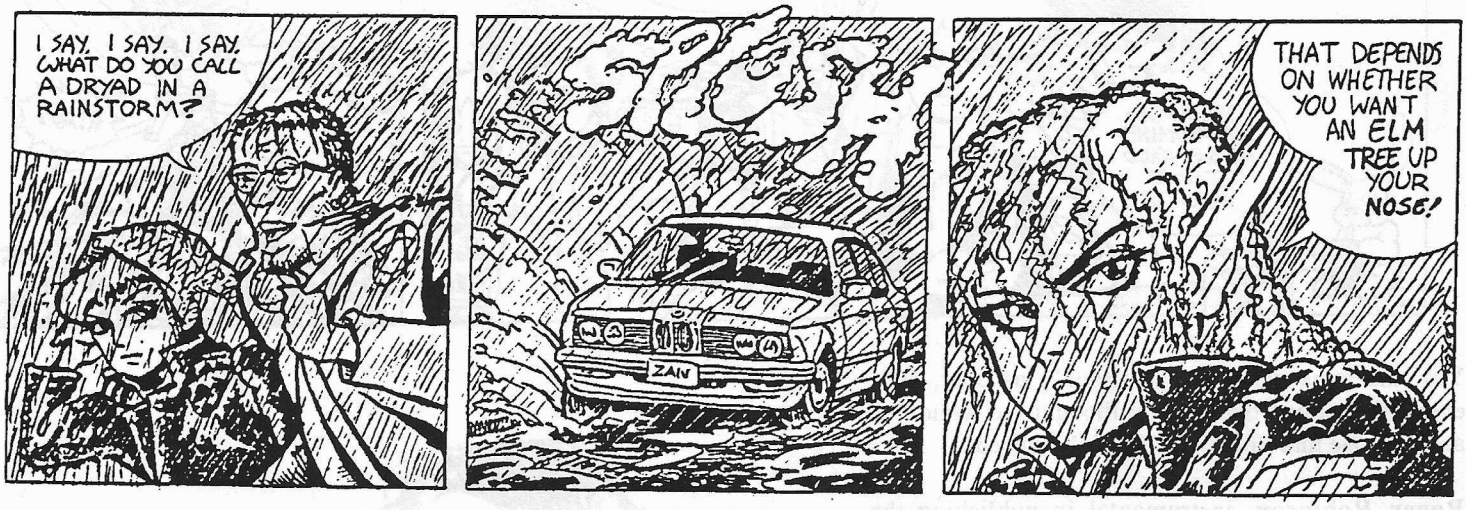
Best Novel: ~~Stewpidd Tytull~~ Feersum Endjinn - **Iain M Banks** (published by Orbit)
Best Short fiction: The Double Helix - **Paul Di Filipo** (published in *Interzone 87*)
Best Artwork: Cover, Interzone 79 - **Jim Burns**

Other awards:
The Doc Weir Award went to **Bernie Evans**.
Ken McIntyre Award - **Dave Harwood**, for the *Attitude #2* cover
The Sou'Wester Masquerade Award, for best in show, went to *The Three Mooseketeers*, who were **Jaine Weddell**, **FanTom**, **Phil Nanson**, **Teddy** and **Kari**

The masquerade produced its fair share of comments, such as **Jaine Weddell**, speaking to **Nina Watson** "I'm glad your head stayed on long enough to sing...". Also overheard, a piece of practical advice... "try and stab me in the bra strap, it's less likely to draw blood" Presumably the advice was followed, as there were no reports of dead fen. This only confirmed that the masquerade was, in the words of one experienced participant, "well organised"

The committee members decided to gild the lily, and dress all in crimson velvet[1]. **Guilia de Cesare** discovered a dark stain filling one of her shoes. Not blood, but chocolate. Wow, a fannish foot fetishist's dream[2].

Jack Cohen, who noticed that I still managed to miss out some of the details of **Heather Spears'** talk[3], suggested that I go up to her and apologise in person. "After all", he said, "the worst that can happen is that you'll be drawn... leaving someone else to do the hanging and quartering!"



1 Actually, this is not entirely true, as the chairmoose was unable to persuade the male committee members to wear crimson velvet dresses...

2 this applies to a large part of fandom, in the same way as describing a male fan as "has a beard and glasses" applies to a large number of people.

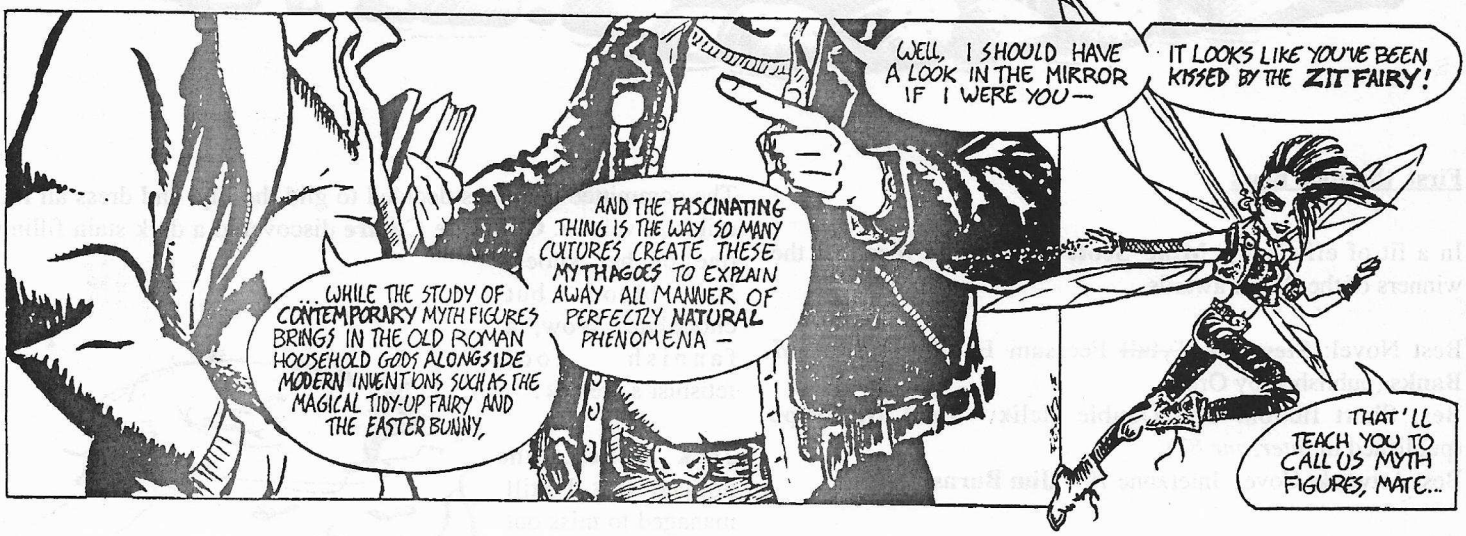
3 Ok, here goes. "The Alien Face", an illustrated talk, will be given by Heather in the ALTERNATIVE at 3:00pm.

Monday Moose. Once again, written by Alasdair Hepburn, with editorial guidance from Allison Ewing and Calum. Thanks to Sue Mason for the title artwork, Heather Spears for the pencil drawings and all those who left cryptic messages in the in tray. As a shamless plug, fans of footnotes can pig out on **Beer Cat Scratchings**, which has more than even Terry Pratchett manages. Those seeking back issues should track me down, and I'll see what I can do...

Gail, the**Woad Warrior**, would like to apologise to all who were expecting to see the Belly Dancing demonstration. Unfortunately, the art auction overran, and the closeness of the Masquerade meant that it had to be cancelled.

Bob Shaw's Serious Scientific Talk[5] was, excellent, as ever.[6] He claimed to have been "deeply involved in the Irish Space Programme...", but had had previous difficulties because he thought that a monomolecular layer was a very small chicken.

were **Bernie Evans, Mike Siddall** and **Mike Abbott**. Once again, the artwork of **Heather Spears**, with **Lois McMaster Bujold** being interviewed by



Yes, the puns were as bad (good?) as ever, and everyone noticed one that he thought we woudn't, and also one that Bob himself hadn't noticed...

Roger Robinson, instrumental in publishing the Load of BoSh, managed to collect a significant amount for RNIB.

The **Call My Bluff/Just a Minute** quiz was won by the "No Scots please, We're Human" team[7], who

Peter Morwood.

And finally... the question of the suitability of the animé for showing was sidestepped, ass the videos were all delivered in the wrong format...

4 some of which is also good...

5 "Shamrocks in Space", about the Irish space programme. Honest.

6 Standing room only. Even better, Calum was content throughout the entire thing, so I did not have to leave in a hurry.

7 although with a name like that, one wonders

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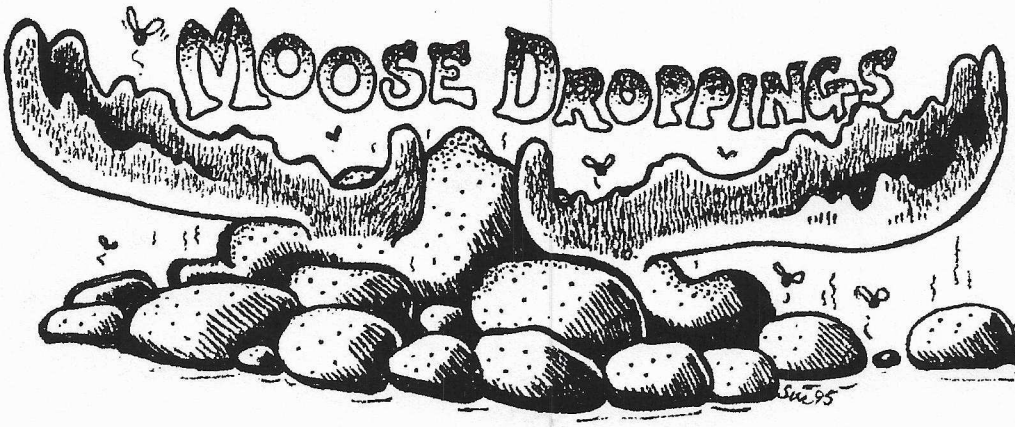


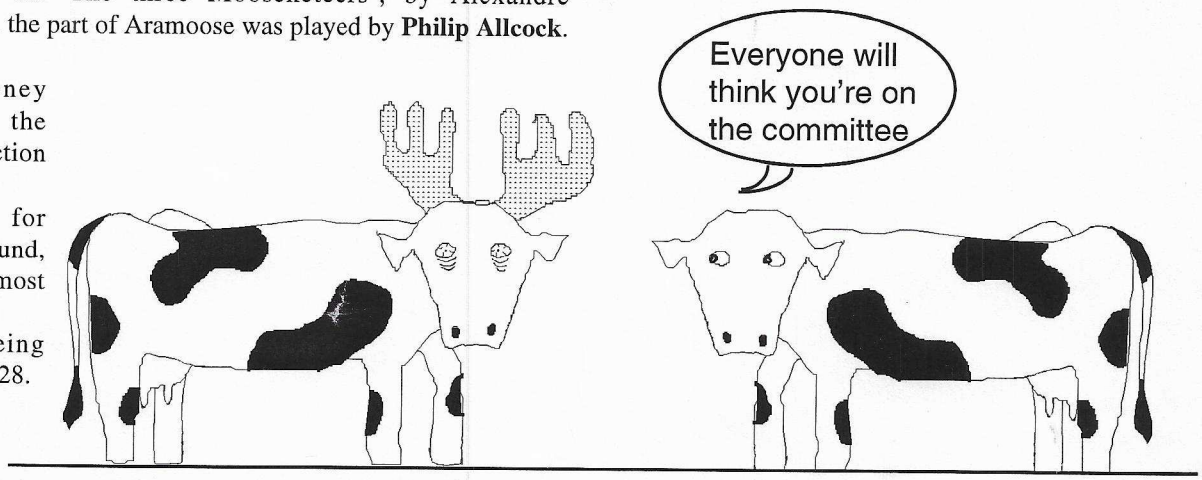
The Committee Edition

And so, it has to end

That concludes all the annoncements. See you at the 'Ton.[3]

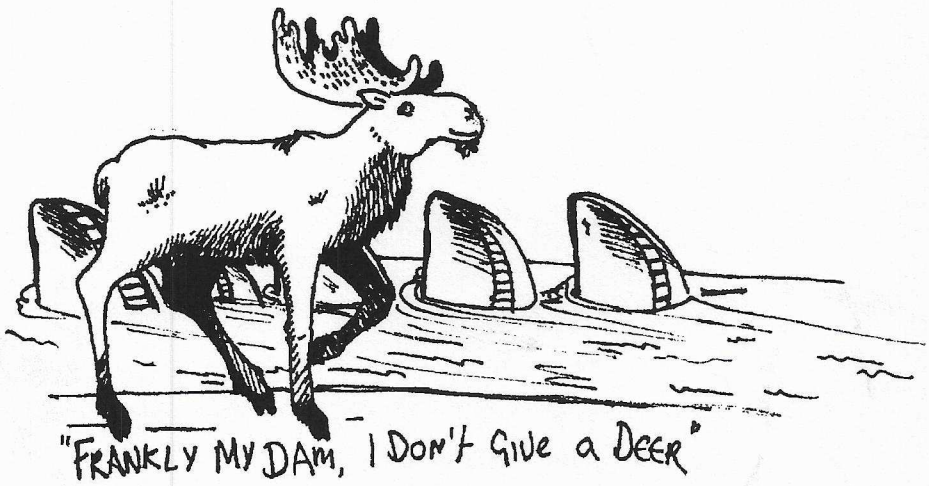
The source of the masquerade winners was, as ever, not accurate. In 'The three Mooseketeers', by Alexandre duMoose, the part of Aramoose was played by **Philip Allcock**.

On money matters, the Slave auction raised £128.21 for the filk fund, with the most expensive slave being **Kari**, at £28.



The Friends of Foundation have raised "lots of money"[1]. **Roger Robinson** would like to thank everyone who gave.

The collection for the RNIB that **Roger Robinson** did after **Bob Shaw's** talk raised £240. This will be added to other money raised, and the RNIB will be presented with a cheque for at least £3500. The money is still coming in as I write.



The Mexicon Hat item raised £160, including donations of £25 from **Friends of Foundation**, and £25 from **BSFA**. **Pam Wells** would like to thank all who participated. Further information, such as the newsletter and application forms can be had from **Pam Wells**, first Floor flat, 14 Prittlewell Sq, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, SS1 1DW, or call on 01702 352846 [2] (email: Mex_Hat@bitch.demon.co.uk)

1 they're still counting

2 You did remember that all phone numbers changed last night, didn't you...

3 One final note. found in front of Pritchard Hose, MillHarbour: one secret marijuana patch. Proto Fabulous furry Freak brothers please form an orderly queue...

Monday Moose 2. Written by Alasdair Hepburn, with eternal thanks to Allison Ewing, for being wonderful, and Calum, for being the best baby around. Thanks to Sue Mason for the artwork, Heather Spears for the pencli drawings and all those who left cryptic messages in the in tray. As a shamless plug, fans of footnotes can pig out on **Beer Cat Scratchings**, which has more than even Terry Pratchett manages. Those seeking back issues should track me down, and I'll see what I can do...